Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heaven reſpective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe:
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* ſlaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt.*
Cit. Up ſir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There

There lyes the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio.*
Cap. Wi. Tibalt my couſin, O my brothers childe,
O Prince, O couſin, husband, O the blood is ſpild,
Of my deare kinſman: Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours ſhed blood of *Mountague.*
O couſin, couſin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tibalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bad him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt:
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a martiall ſcorne with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part; and ſwifter than his tongue
His agill arme beats downe their fatall points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes: underneath whoſe arme,
An envious thruſt from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled:
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine,
And as he fell did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* dye.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountagues*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I begge for juſtice, which thou Prince muſt give,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo